

JUSTICE IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER!

PROG 491
11 OCT 86

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

81 80 Malaysia
70c Australia
77c New Zealand
(inc U.S.T.)
85c Mercury
210g Venus
88g Mars
110g Saturn
30 Pluto
42g Neptune

26p
EARTH
MONEY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Let the galaxy take a deep breath: next week's prog will contain a ghafflelette pictorial trailer announcing the imminent return of *Slaine*! However, I know the Squaxx dek Thargo will be impatient for some data immediately, so I've decided to offer you a sneak preview of this major event in the Celtic calendar. First, the good news...the tale, "The Spoils Of Annwn", will be drawn by Mike Collins and Mark Farmer, in recognition of the fine work whipped up by these droids for DICEMAN 4. Next, the zarjaz news...the story will run for no less than 7 issues of my cosmic comic, taking us right up to Prog 499. And lastly, the sensationally scrotnig news... "Slaine the King", drawn by Art Robot Glenn Fabry, will begin the following week in my near-mythical **PROG 500!** That's enough thrill-powered bulletins for one prog, but there are plenty more in the pipeline, Terrans - and you can find out about them in my Nerve Centre next week!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

THE MIGHTY ONE



Drawn by Earthlet Neil Fletcher
Middlesbrough £10 Winner

DREDD'S DARK
SECRET *9



Drawn by Earthlet Phillip Clarke,
Nailsworth. £10 Winner.

ALL-NEW : VOGUE TROOPER!

Dear Tharg,

Could you please tell me when the blue-skinned warrior, *Rogue Trooper*, is returning to 2000 AD? In Prog 449, in the last episode of his story in 1985, the following announcement was made: ALL-NEW, ALL-ACTION ROGUE TROOPER RETURNS IN THE NEW YEAR! We are now 9 months into the New Year, and there's still no sign of Rogue! Were you talking about your home planet's New Year, or will you be blaming your droids for this, as usual? From Earthlet David Power, Portsmouth. £5 Winner.

It is true that a blunder has been made, and yes - it was made by one of my faithful droids; but the nature of the error is not what you think. Lettering Robot Tony Jacob has been working hard, though, and I think we should turn a blind eye to his grexnix spelling mistake, and concentrate instead on looking forward to the return - in just a few progs' time - of the great *Rogue Trooper*...in his new gear.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: **THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, THE COMMAND MODULE, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.**

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
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My Age Is **491**

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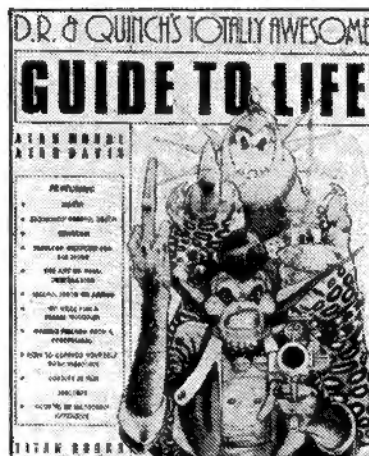
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THE FROGETT
FARMSTEAD ON
THE FRONTIER
WORLD MAYGER
MINOR —

LOOK OUT!
CHINKY'S
GOIN' FOR
HIS GUN!



Strontium DOG

INCIDENT ON PART
MAYGER MINOR 2



BLAAM!

AAAARGH!

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
KID ROBSON

COMPU-73c









THIS WEEK IN **EAGLE** FREE HALL'OWE'EN GAME POSTER

DARE YOU TAKE THE SCARE-A-SECOND HORROR ROUTE FROM CRYPT TO HALL'OWE'EN HOUSE?

Then, in the next 4 issues of **EAGLE**, more sections will be given away **FREE** to create extra chilling games!

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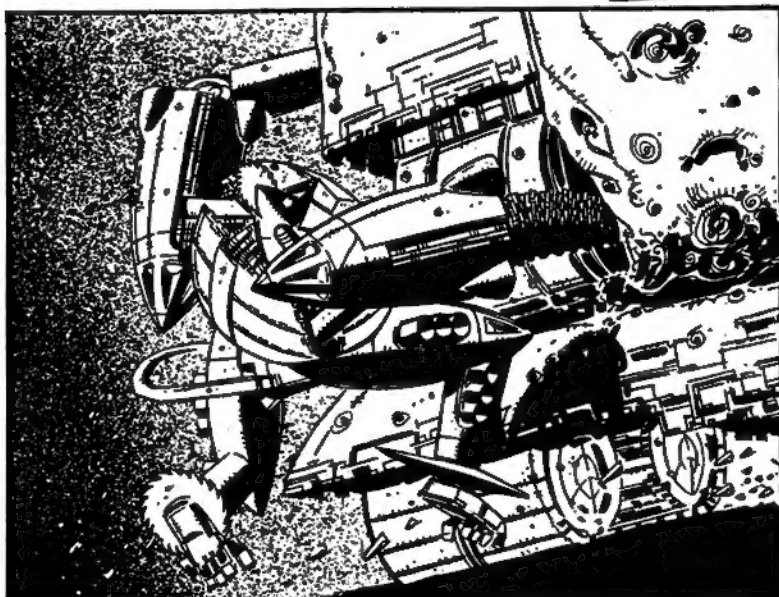
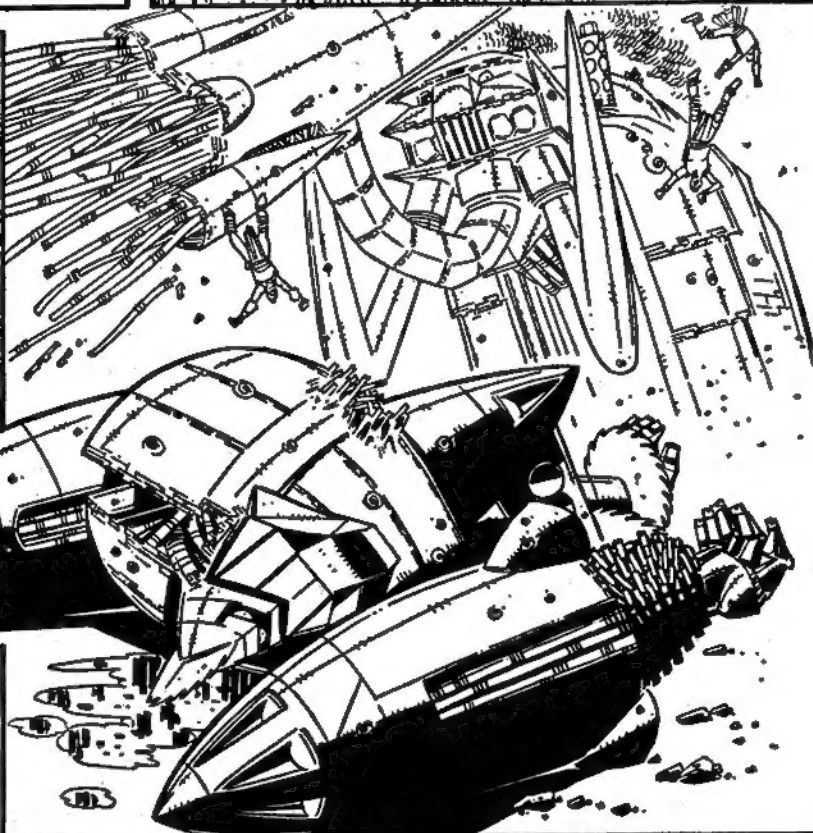
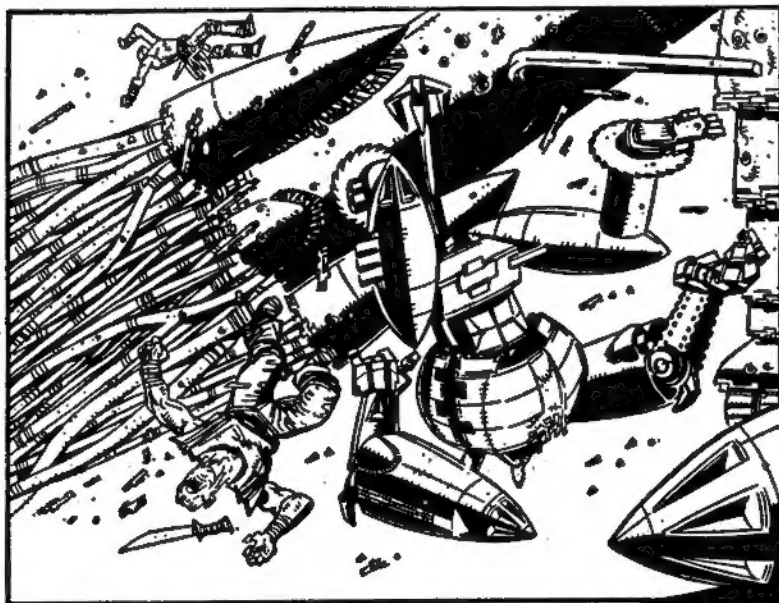
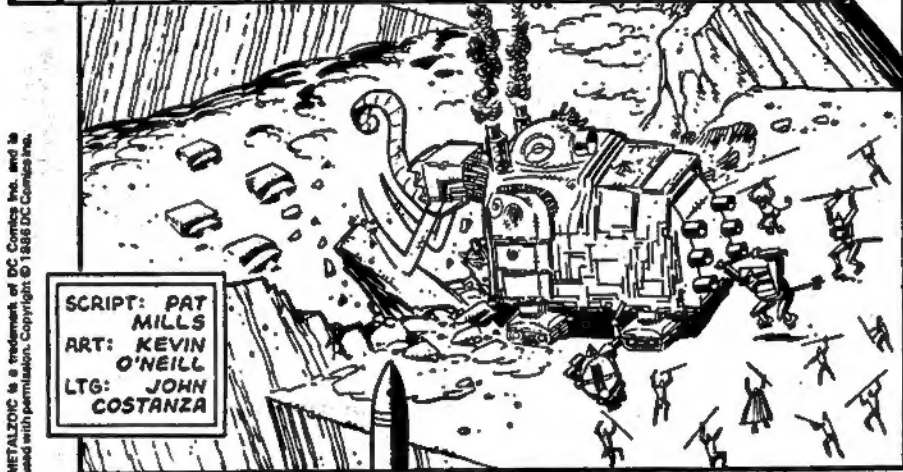
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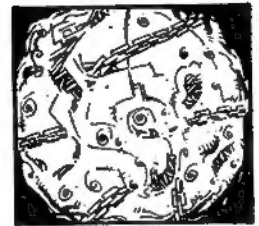
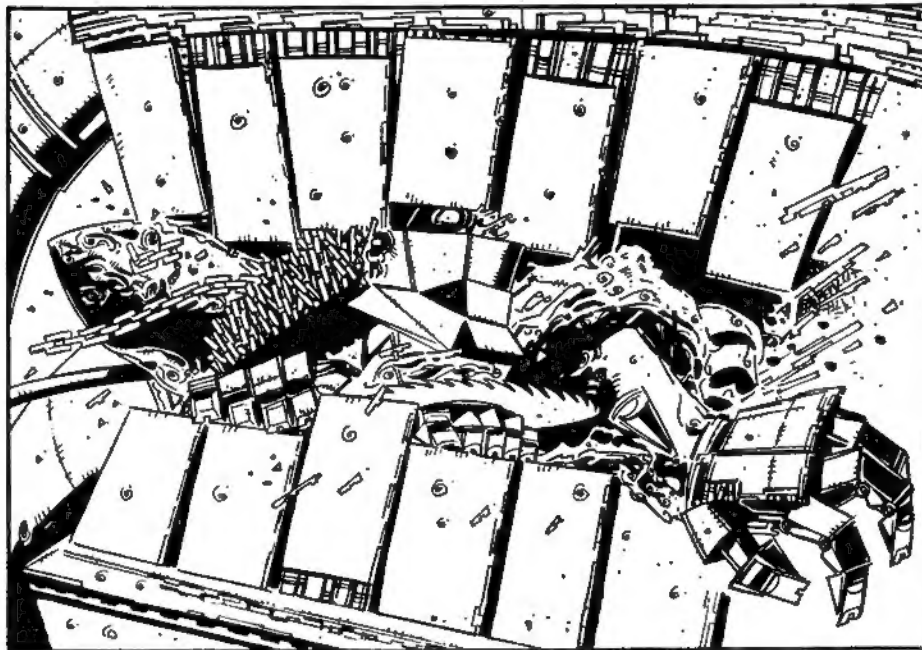
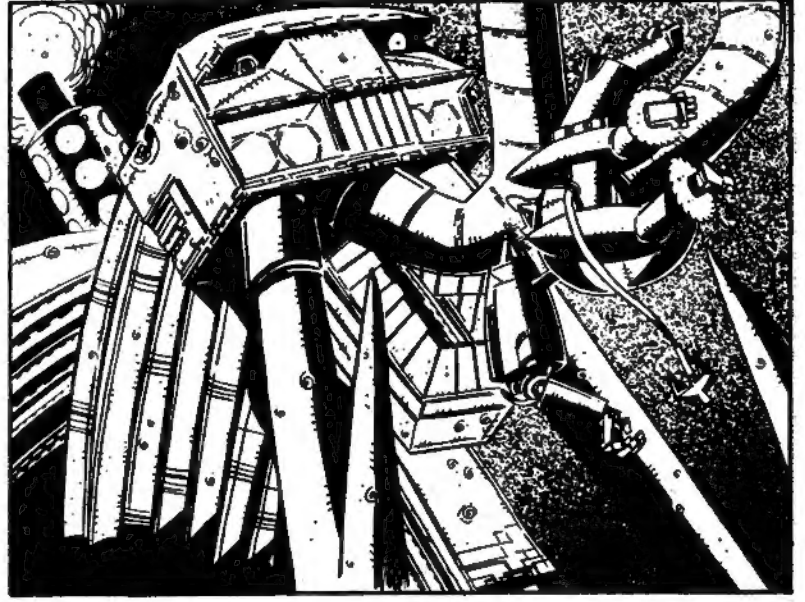
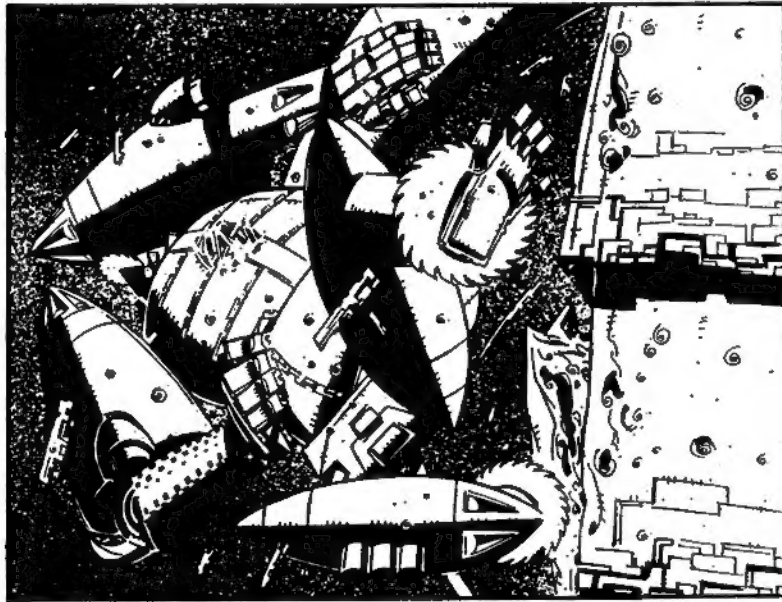
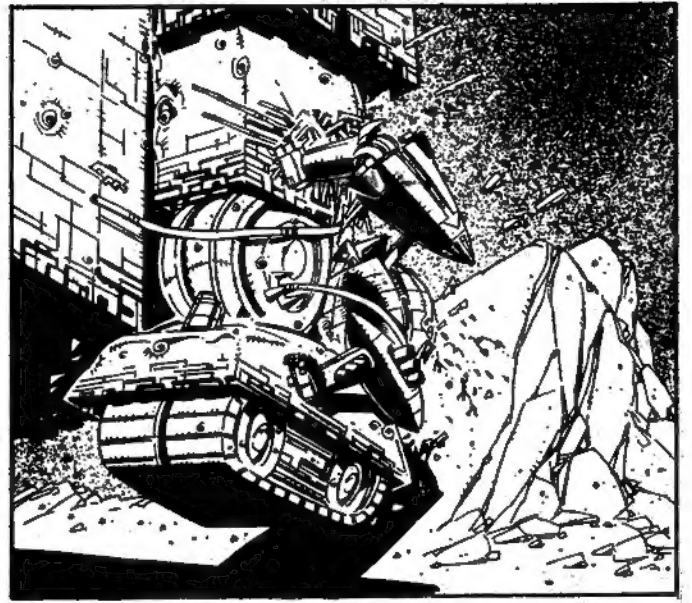
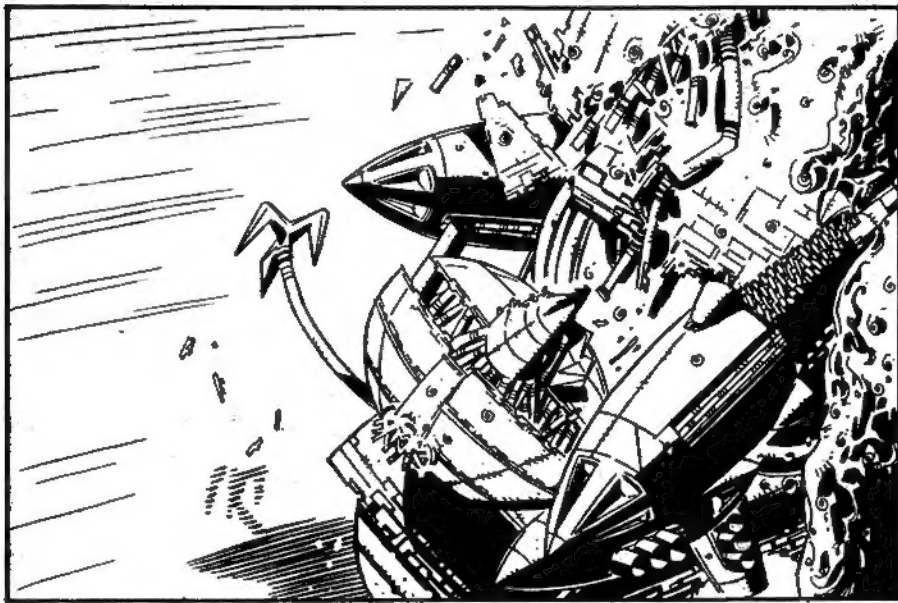
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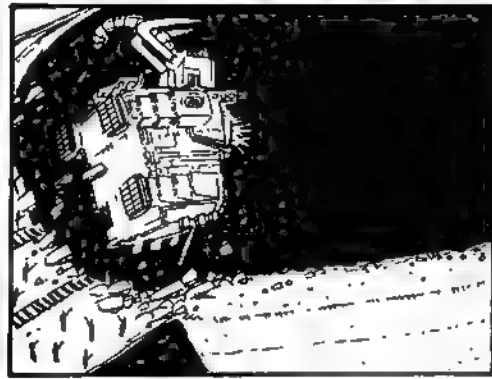
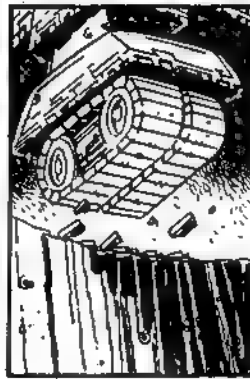
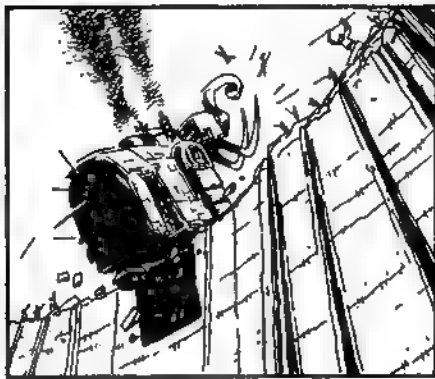
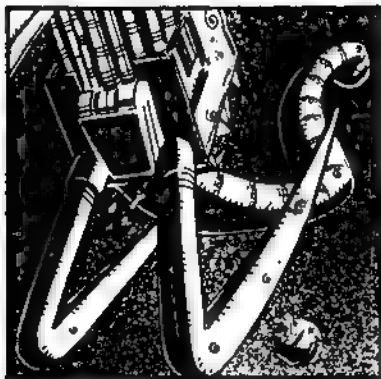
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SCRIPT: PAT
MILLS
ART: KEVIN
O'NEILL
LTG: JOHN
COSTANZA

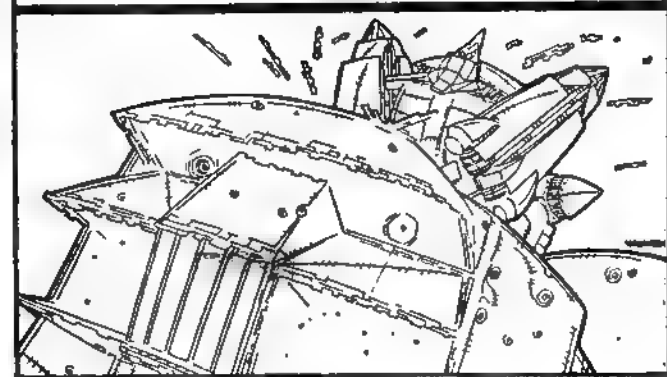
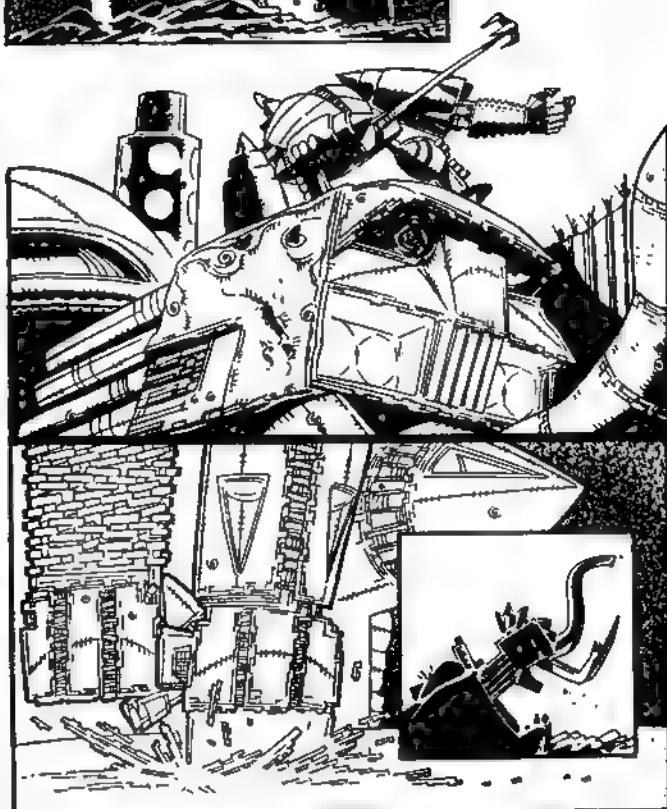
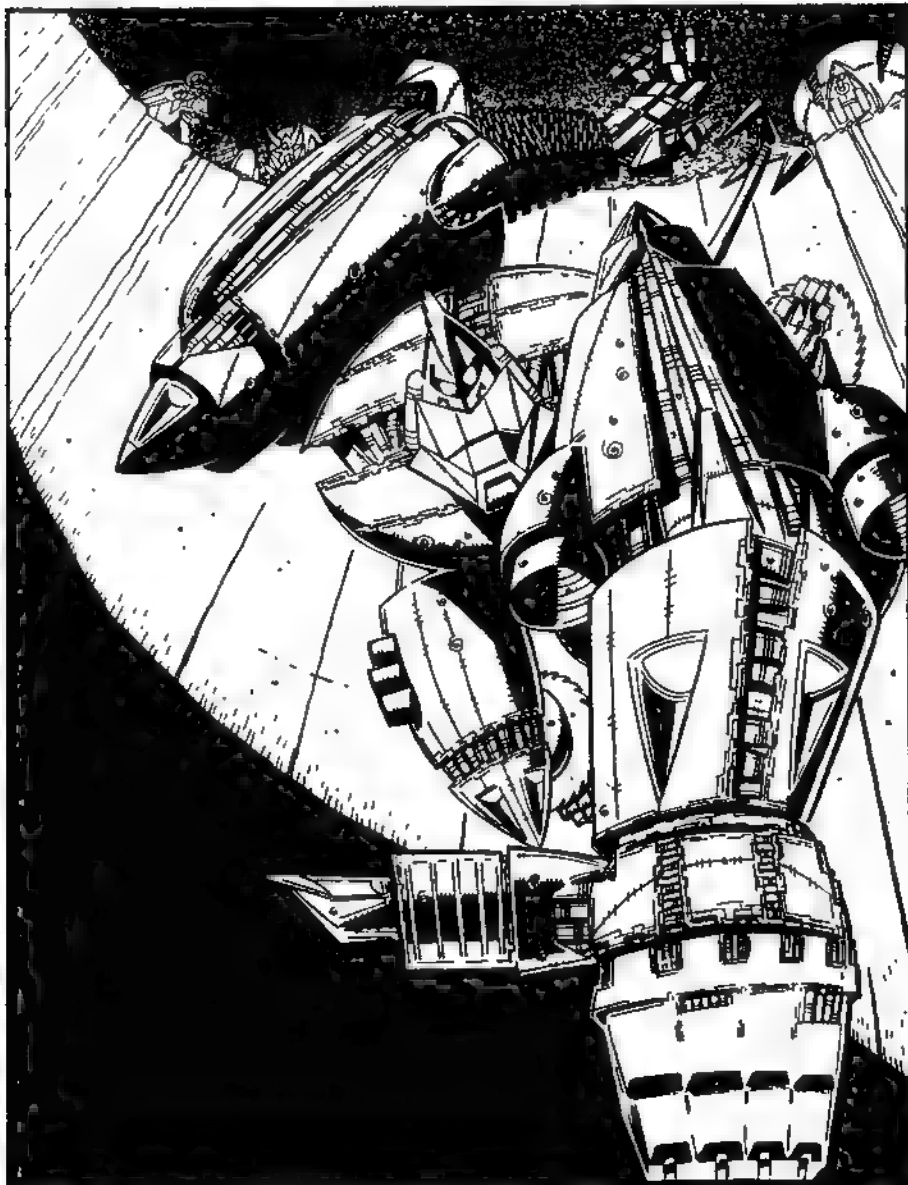
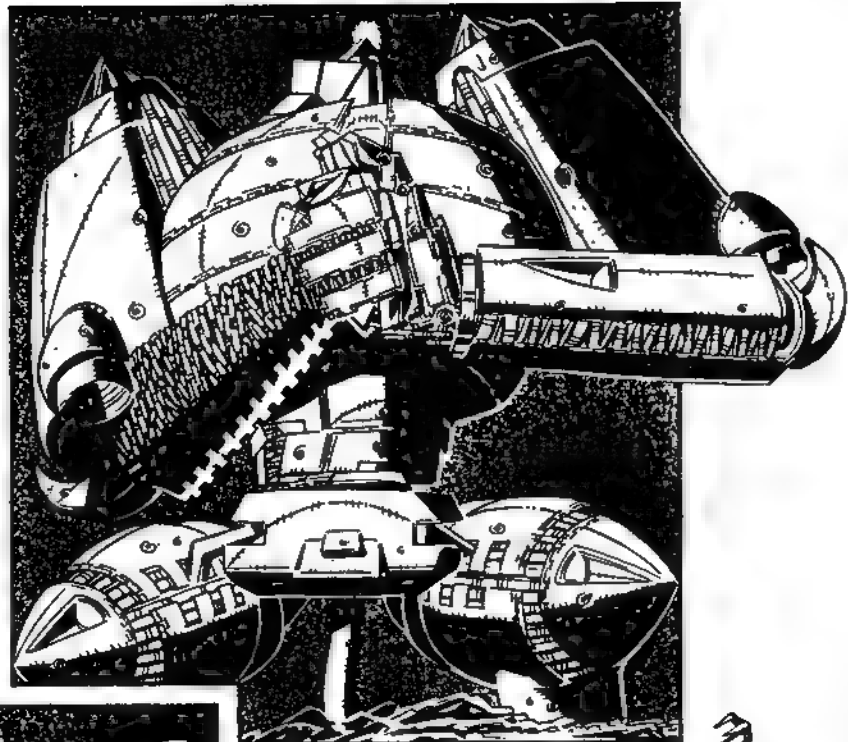
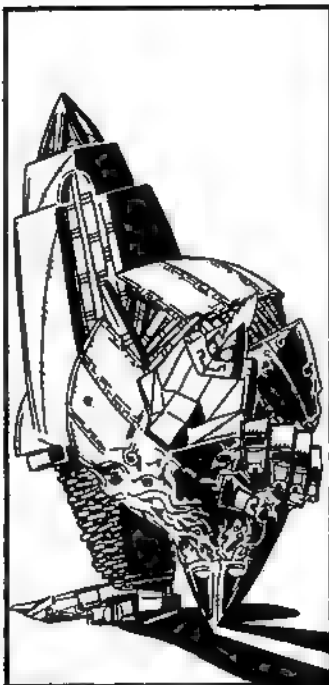
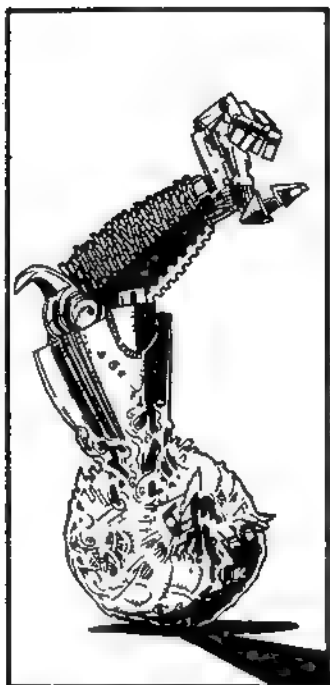






ARMAGEDDON
DREW ON INTI'S
POWER...





AMOK'S THOUGHTS
FOURED INTO
ARMAGEDDON'S
BRAIN...

HE HAD 'HACKED' INTO
THE MASTER PROGRAM--
THE KNOWLEDGE OF
LONG AGO...

HE TRAVELLED BACK
IN TIME THROUGH
LAYERS OF AMOK'S
SUBCONSCIOUS...
STRATA UPON STRATA
OF MEMORIES...

OF HIDEOUS
WARS...

TERRIBLE
CATASTROPHES.

BACK TO NOW
IT ALL BEGAN...

METAL

ROBBER

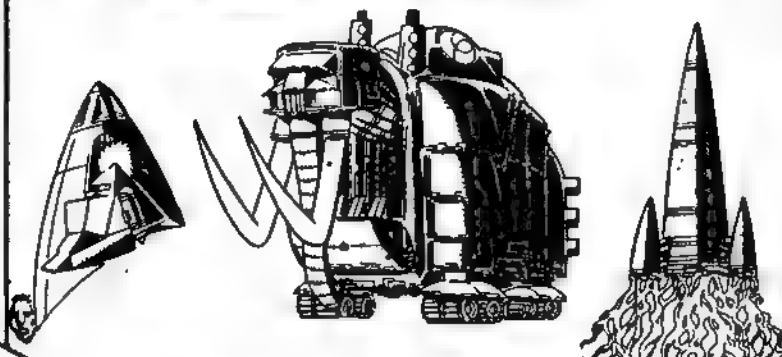
KNOW

HUMAN

Only a few aboriginal humans now survive (attempts to recolonize Earth from other worlds having failed)

Robot animals look strangely like their organic predecessors as their bodies adapt to similar circumstances. Feeding on traffids, sunlight, and other forms of energy, they have diversified into numerous variations.

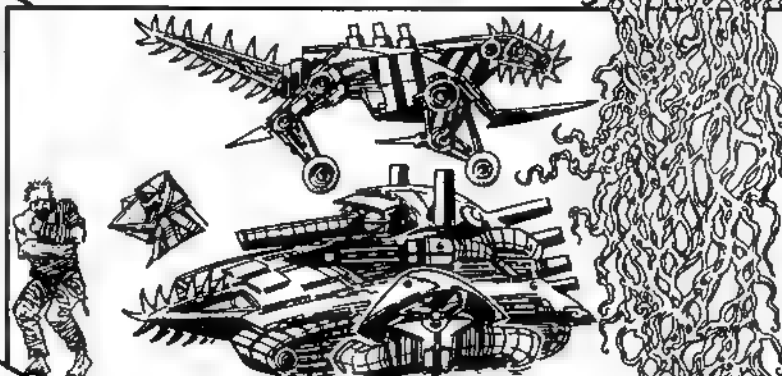
METALZOIC



During the Robocene there were huge wars between the free Robots for domination of the Earth. All robo-species—humanoid and machine—engaged in battle, with computers assisting both sides.

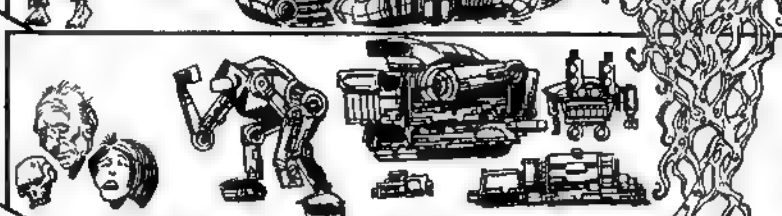
The survivors were those Robots who could reproduce themselves and adapt to a devastated world. These survivors cross bred. The result—the first Robot animals—began to appear in the Upper Robocene.

ROBOCENE



In the 24th Century the Earth's magnetic field cut out. The planet was bombarded with cosmic rays which destroyed most life-forms. Robots and the hardy Traffids were the main survivors.

NECROMIC

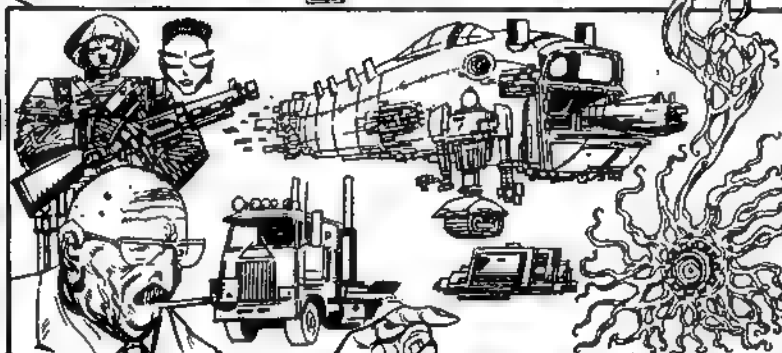


By the 22nd Century, Robots were commonplace on Earth.

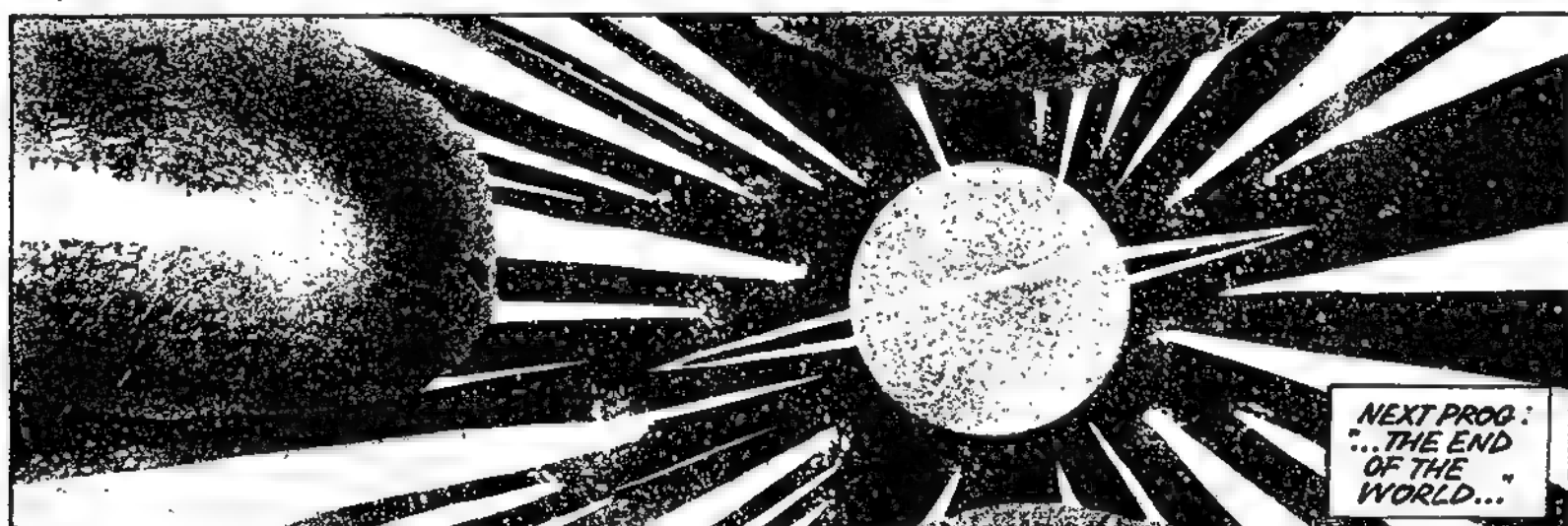
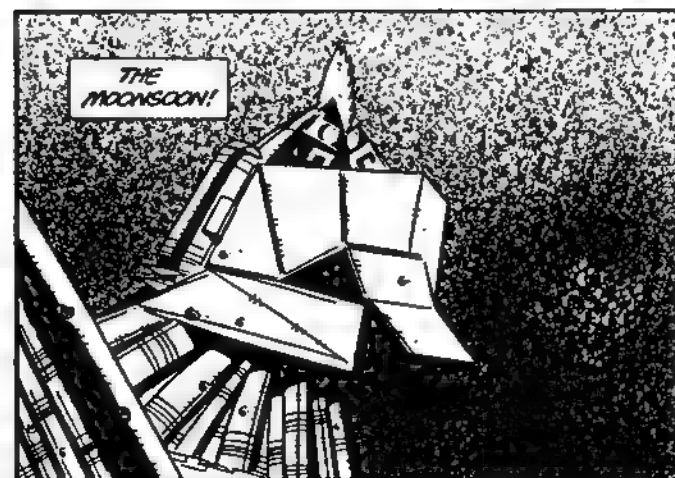
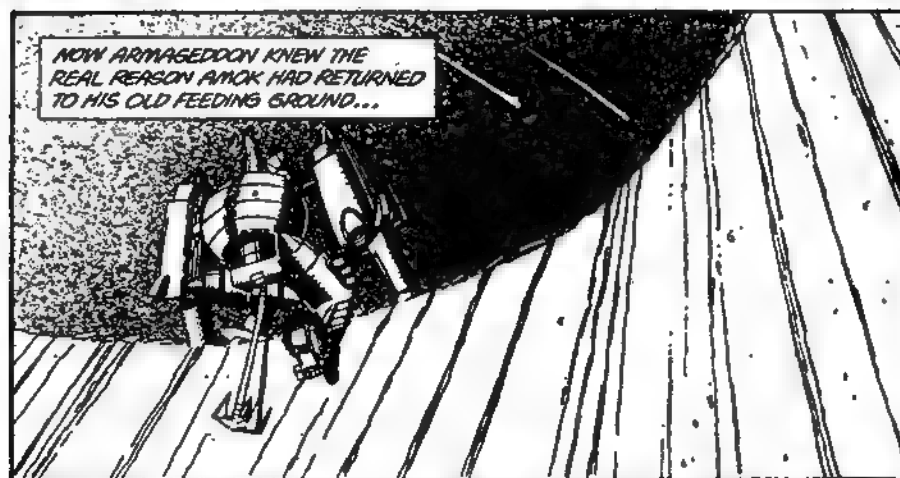
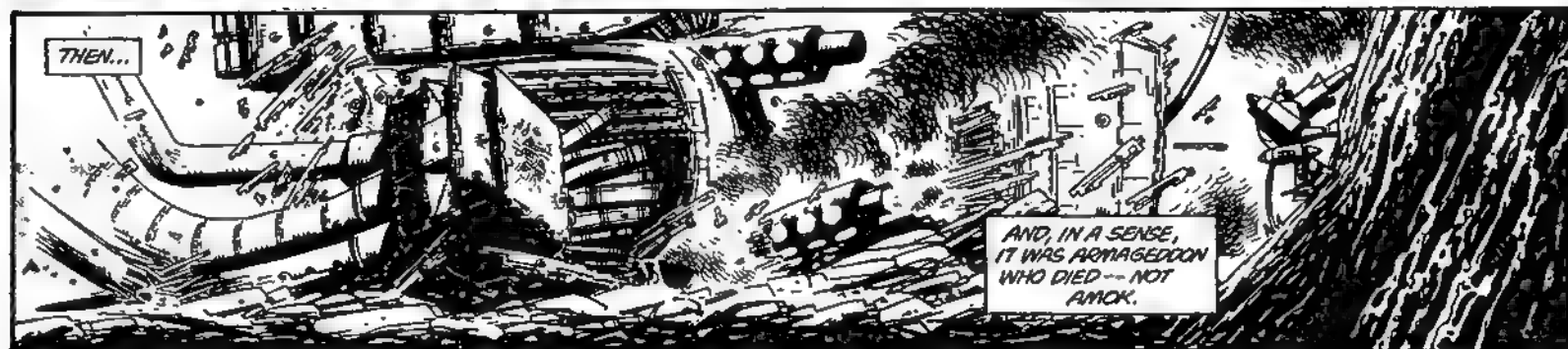
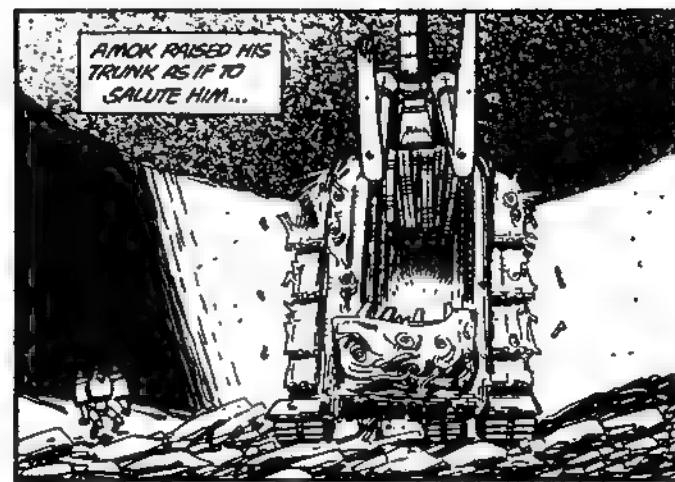
The self reproducing versions were originally built to colonize other worlds. These giant machines manufactured copies of themselves by consuming and processing rocks. They were capable of making independent decisions and designing mutations to deal with localized conditions.

Their astonishing success led to many Robots on Earth being given the ability to repair and reproduce themselves.

HUMANIC



THE EVOLUTION of the ROBOTS



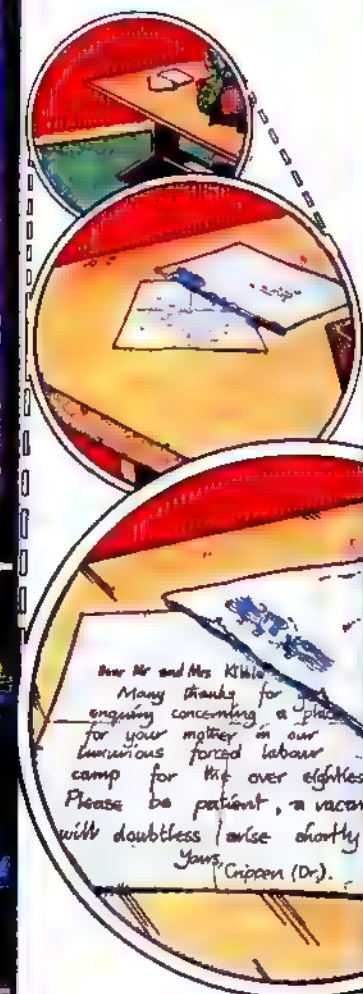
WATT LE FUNG IS A PEEPER.

FROM HIS WINDOW ON THE 48TH FLOOR OF THE HYMIE GOERING BLOCK HE HAS A PERFECT VIEW OF THE SOUTH FACE OF NEIGHBOURING CHARLIE SIM.

12 VIABLE FLOORS - 96 PEEPPABLE APARTMENTS.

WATT LE FUNG KNOWS EVERY ONE OF THEM. HE KNOWS THEIR NAMES, THEIR DAILY ROUTINES, THEIR HABITS - THEIR ENDEARING LITTLE FOIBLES.

HIS 'SCOPE IS SO POWERFUL HE CAN EVEN READ THEIR MAIL.



NOT THAT WATT EVER DOES SO WITH MALICIOUS INTENT. HE ISN'T THAT KIND OF PERVERT.

HE'S WATCHED THEM FOR SO LONG NOW. HE KNOWS THEM SO WELL, HE THINKS OF THEM AS HIS FRIENDS - LIKE THEY'RE ALL PART OF ONE BIG FAMILY.

THERE'S BIG ELSIE SEUSS IN 50b. EATING AGAIN! SHE REALLY OUGHT TO CUT DOWN - ESPECIALLY ON THE MUNCE FATS.

THERE'S PIERCE PIERSON, 48d - LEAVING FOR WORK. MUST BE 8:46. YOU CAN SET YOUR CHRONOMETER BY HIM.

THERE'S OLD MRS KRATZ, OFF TO THE VACUUM POT AGAIN. TUTS! TERRIBLE PROBLEMS THERE!

THERE ARE THE MUNDYS, 46c, ARGUING AS USUAL. THEY NEVER SEEM TO DO ANYTHING ELSE. WATT WOULD LIKE TO DO SOMETHING FOR THEM, BUT HE NEVER INTERFERES. THAT'S HIS RULE.

OH DEAR! WHAT IS THAT IN ELRICK'S HAND? A HAMMER! HE-HE-

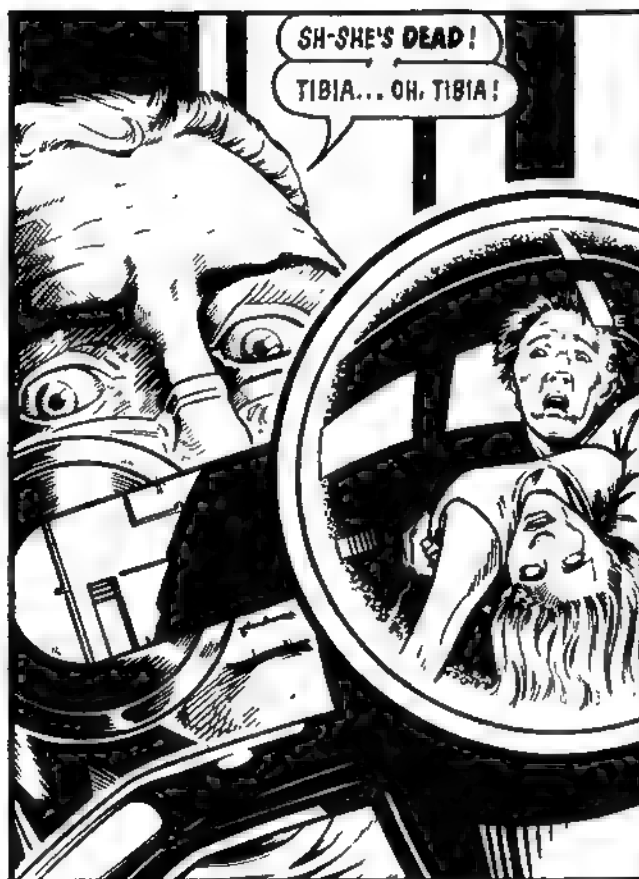
ELRICK! STOP IT!

STOP!

JUDGE DREDD



MY LORD, ELRICK!
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE?



SH-SHE'S DEAD!
TIBIA... OH, TIBIA!

IN HIS MANY YEARS OF PEEPING
WATT LE FUNG HAS SEEN SEVERAL
DEATHS... BUT NEVER A **MURDER**.
IT SHAKES HIM TO HIS VERY CORE.

TIBIA... HE HAD WATCHED HER SO
OFTEN - HAD SHARED SO MANY
PRECIOUS MOMENTS WITH HER...
NOW SHE LIES LIFELESS ON THAT
FLASHY SHAGPILE THEY'D BOUGHT
AT **RUGGOLAND** ONLY LAST
MONTH.

IT SEEMS ALMOST AS IF ONE OF HIS
OWN CHILDREN HAS BEEN
SNATCHED BRUTALLY FROM HIM.

HOW COULD YOU,
ELRICK? YOU'RE
**WICKED -
WICKED!**



NEVER BEFORE HAS HE INFORMED ON ONE OF
HIS FAMILY. IT MAKES HIM FEEL DIRTY -
CHEAP.

BUT IT HAS TO BE DONE.
ELRICK MUST BE PUNISHED.

JUSTICE DEPT?
I... I WANT TO REPORT
A MURDER!



CONTROL TO PREDD!
WE HAVE AN
ANONYMOUS TIP-OFF -

GO TO APARTMENT 46C,
CHARLIE SIM. CALLER
REPORTS HUSBAND HAS
MURDERED WIFE.

JUDGES TREAT ANONYMOUS
TIP-OFFS WITH SUSPICION.
TOO OFTEN THEY TURN OUT
TO BE HOAXES -



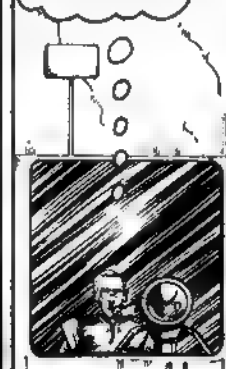
OPEN UP!
THIS IS THE
LAW!



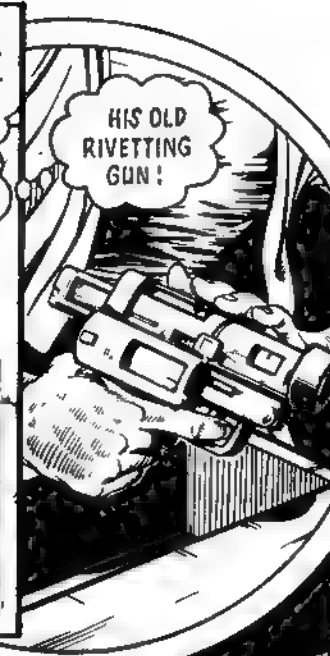
NO! BUT HOW - ?

THERE'S SOMEONE
AT THE DOOR... HE'S
STARTLED. IT MUST
BE THE JUDGES!

HE'S GOING TO A
DRAWER... WHAT'S
HE DOING...?



HIS OLD
RIVETTING
GUN!



NO, ELRICK! PUT THAT GUN
AWAY! TAKE YOUR PUNISHMENT
LIKE A MAN! THEY'LL KILL YOU!

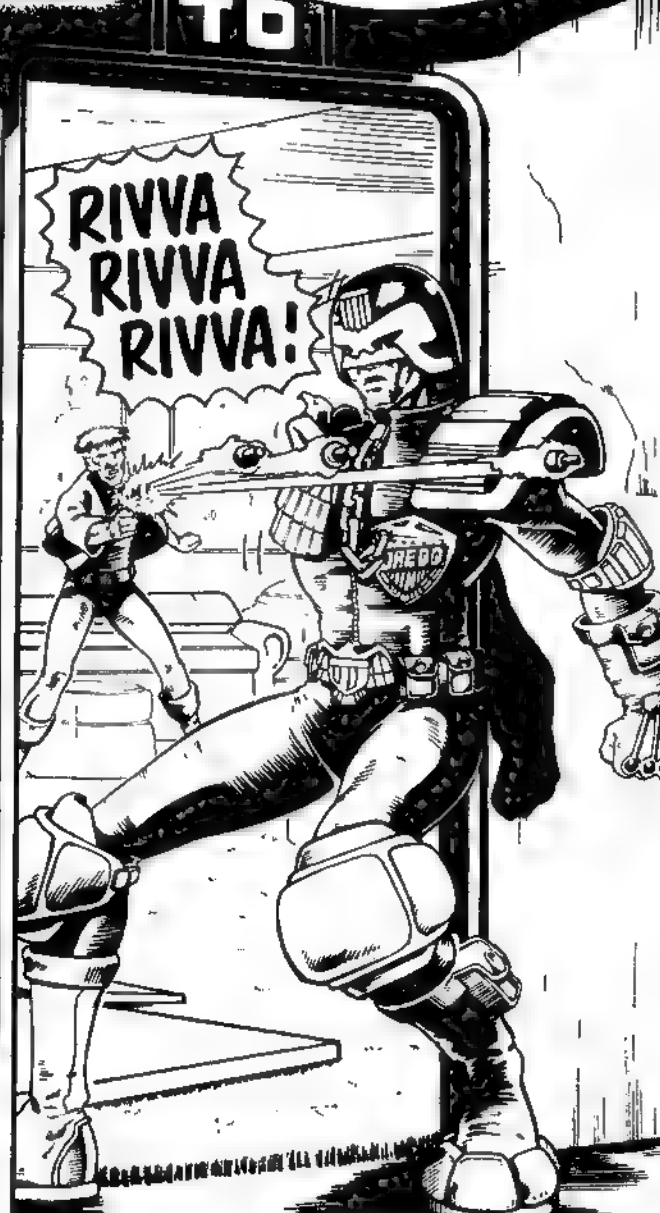
THEY'LL KILL
YOU!

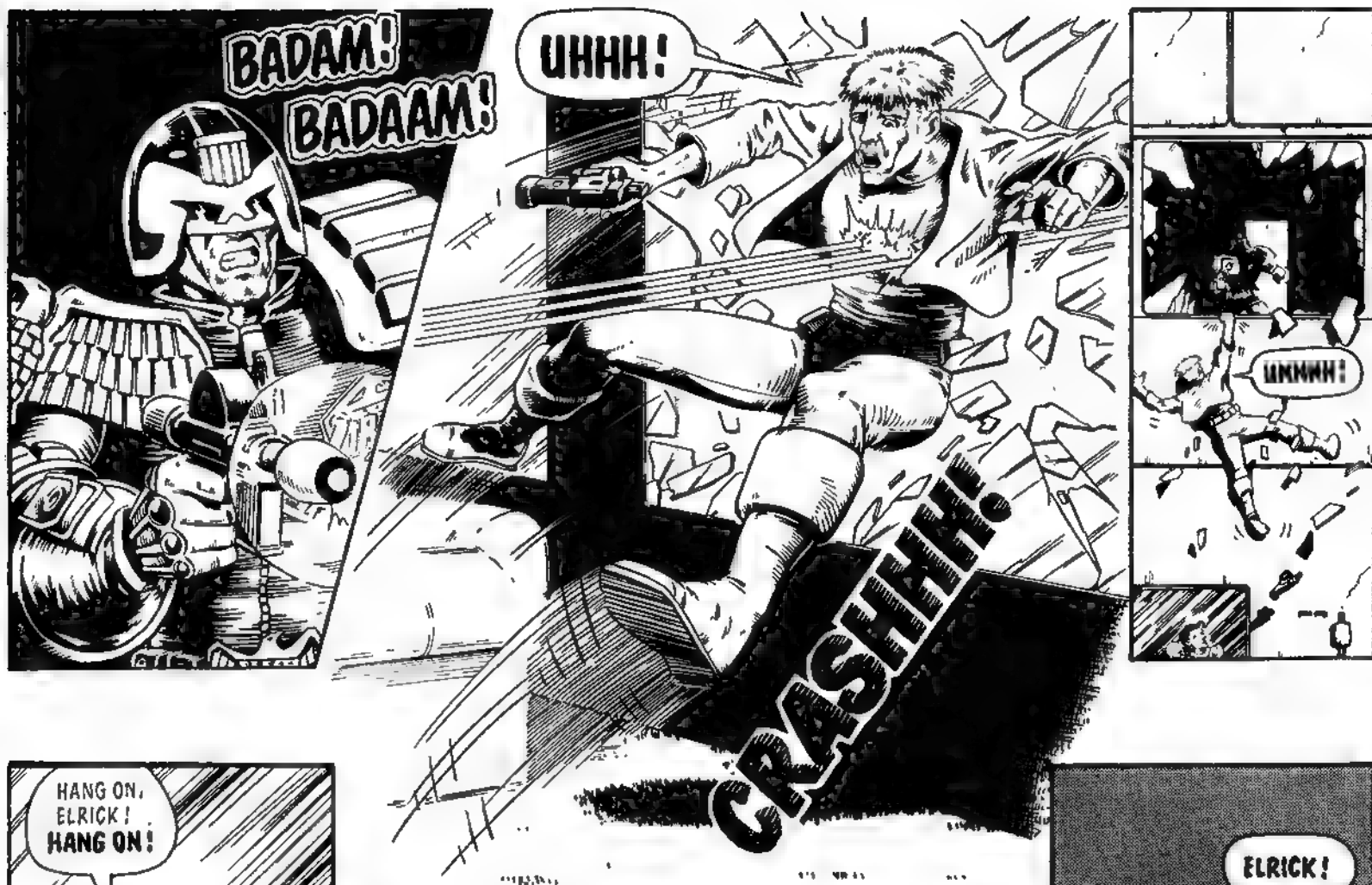


I KNOW
YOU'RE IN
HERE,
CREEP!



RIVVA
RIVVA
RIVVA!



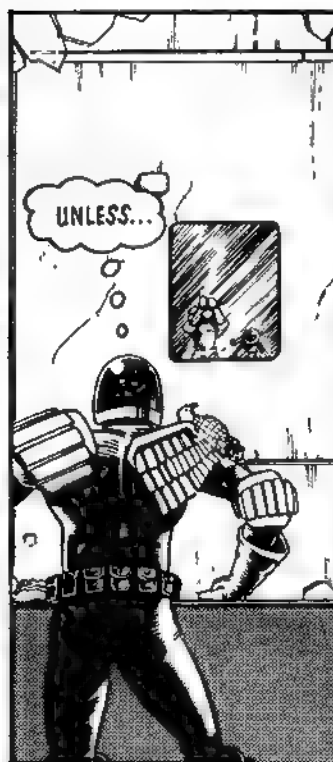




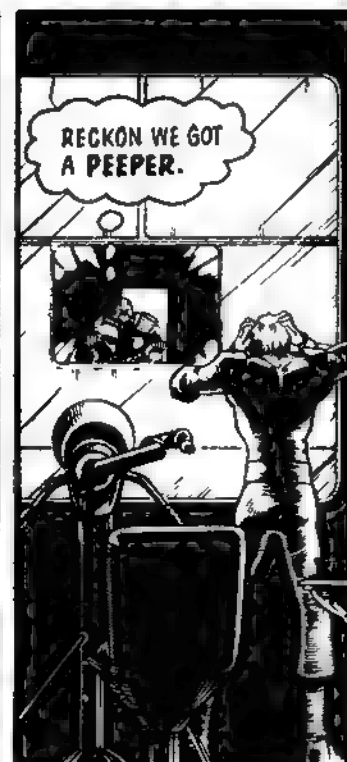
DREDD TO CONTROL -
I'M AT THE MUNDY PLACE.
GET FORENSIC DOWN HERE.
GOT A STIFF IN THE LIVING
ROOM - PROBABLE PERP
SPATTERED ALL OVER
THE PLAZA.



SO THE TIP-OFF WAS RIGHT.
THING IS, HOW DOES ANYONE
WITNESS A MURDER 46
FLOORS UP?

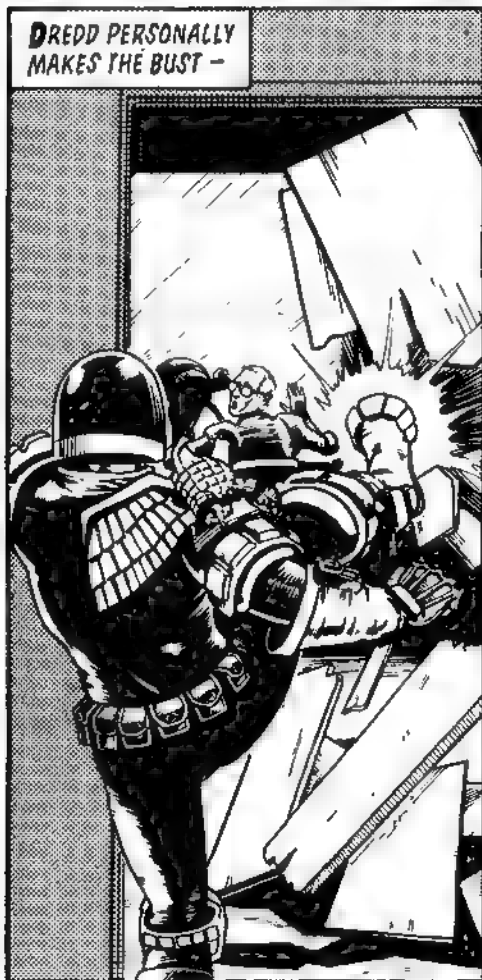


UNLESS...



RECKON WE GOT
A PEEPER.

DREDD PERSONALLY
MAKES THE BUST -



AT THE LOCAL SECTOR
HOUSE WATT LE FUNG
UNDERGOES INTENSIVE
INTERROGATION -

WHAT'S YOUR GAME,
LE FUNG -
BLACKMAIL?

OH NO! I COULD
NEVER DO THAT! THEY'RE
LIKE A FAMILY TO ME!

NO, I JUST WATCH -
AND TAKE AN INTEREST
IN THEM GENERALLY.
IT'S MY HOBBY -
MY LIFE.

BEEN AT IT A WHILE THEN?

OH, YES - NINETEEN
YEARS NOW, EVER
SINCE I MOVED IN.

PICKED UP A
FEW JUICY
SECRETS,
HAVE YOU?

YES INDEED!
EVERYTHING
FROM FLOORS
39-50... I
KNOW IT ALL!





LET'S HEAR IT THEN.

OH NO - I COULDN'T!
I ONLY TOLD ON ELRICK
BECAUSE... BECAUSE IT
WAS SUCH A WICKED
THING HE DID!



ALL CRIME IS WICKED,
LE FUNG. YOU'LL TALK, ONE
WAY OR ANOTHER.

ULP!



ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WATT
LE FUNG DOES TALK -

CREEP'S A GOLDMINE. WE'VE GOT
OVER 700 ARRESTABLE
OFFENCES HERE.



WE'VE GOT YOU COLD, LE FUNG. ONE
CHARGE FIRST DEGREE PEEPING -
732 CHARGES WITHHOLDING
INFORMATION. LET'S BE CHARITABLE
AND CALL IT FIFTEEN YEARS.

OH MY
LORD!



THERE'S ONE WAY OUT.

WHAT?

FROM NOW ON, YOU PEEP
FOR THE CITY.



AND SO IT IS THAT
WATT LE FUNG
JOINS THE SECRET
ARMY OF CRIMINALS
SANCTIONED BY
JUSTICE DEPT TO
PLY THEIR TRADE.



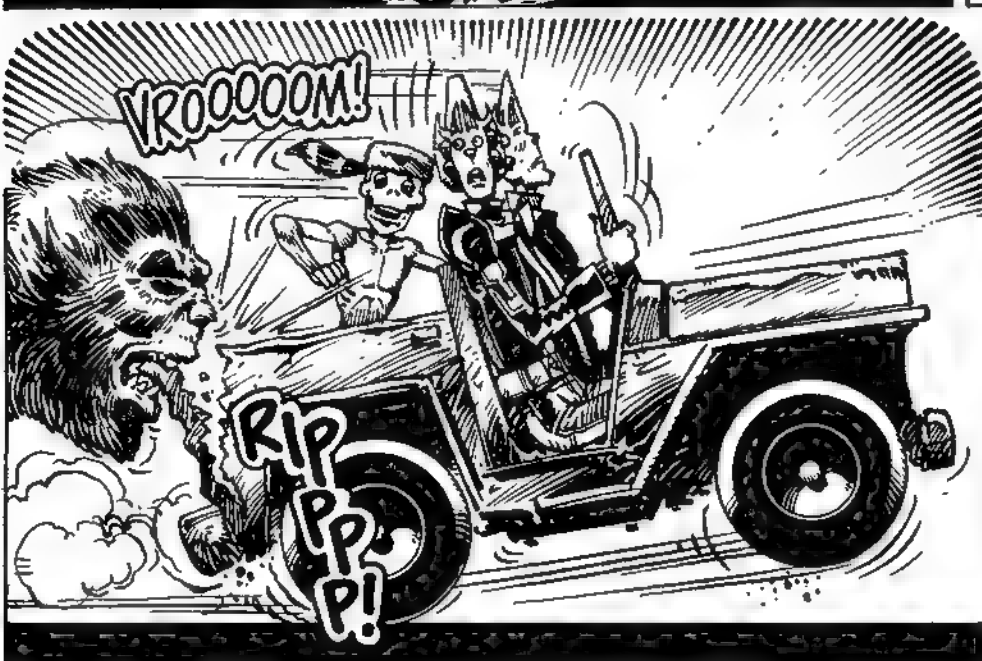
ONLY TROUBLE IS, THESE DAYS
HIS "FAMILY" HAS AN
UNFORTUNATE HABIT OF
GETTING BUSTED.

NEXT
PROG:

ATTACK
OF THE
SOFT WOMAN!

ACE TRUCKING CO. The Garpetbaggers.

SCENE 16: THE SEARCH FOR THE BURIED TREASURE OF MOVIEOLA BRINGS OUR HEROES TO HORRORVILLE - WHERE THE REALITY BOMB SCORED A DIRECT HIT!









CANDY AND THE CATCHMAN



YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT THIS LATE. THIS IS THE HOUR WHEN THE **CATCHMAN** COMES LOOKIN' FOR KIDS.

THE WIND?

DON'T LISTEN. IT'S JUST A DUMB STORY. THE **CATCHMAN'S** SUPPOSED TO STEAL KIDS' **BLOOD** OR SOMETHIN'...

IT'S NOT BLOOD HE STEALS...



2000AD
Credit Card!
SCRIPT ROBOT
G. MORRISON
ART ROBOT
JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME
COMPUTER



"IMAGINE THE SCENE...THE TOWN BELL TOLLING AWAY THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT, THE KIDS HUDDLED TOGETHER IN THE COLD, DAMP AIR..."

"AND THE SOUND OF THE CATCHMAN SHUFFLIN' THROUGH THE SHADOWS..."

DONG!

DONG!



"SHUFFLIN' AND WHISPERIN' INTO THE PALE LIGHT."

DONG!

"WHEN THEY SAW HIM, SOME OF THE KIDS STARTED TO CRY, OTHERS FAINTED DEAD AWAY... BUT MOST JUST STOOD THERE, WAITING..."



"WAITING TO DIE."

HEY, CATCH!



"AND THAT WAS WHEN BILLY CANDY SHOWED UP!"

WHY DON'TCHA PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE?



EAT HEAT, SUCKER!



"NOBODY KNOWS WHY BILLY CANDY DID WHAT HE DID THAT NIGHT..."





FOUND THIS
VALVE ON YOUR
AIR TANK.



"CATCH NEEDED
CHLORINE GAS
TO SURVIVE,
YOU SEE... AND
SUDDENLY IT
WAS ALL GONE..."



"SUDDENLY THERE WAS
NOTHIN' TO BREATHE!"



I DID IT!
I DID IT!

kkk...kk...



BILLY CANDY KILLED
THE CATCHMAN!



BILLY!

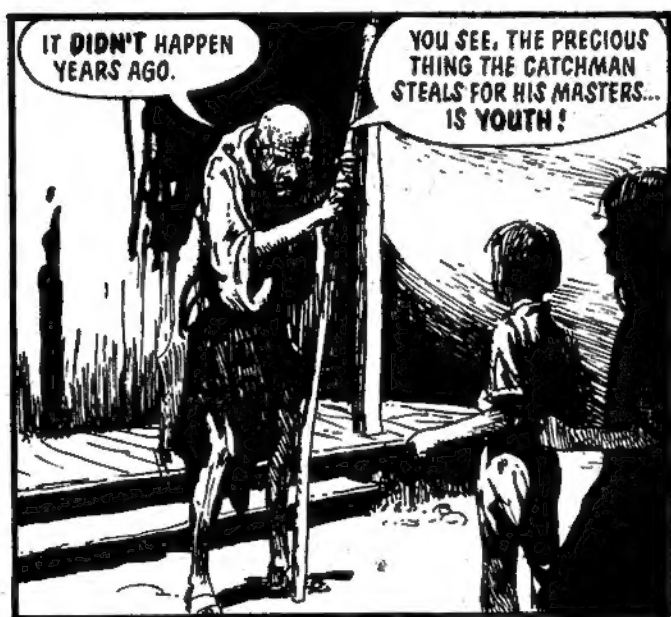
HIS ARM!



UUHHH!

"YEAH,
BILLY CANDY
WAS GOOD."

"BUT IN THE END, IT TURNED OUT THE CATCHMAN
WAS THE BETTER THIEF AFTER ALL..."





Sooner or Later

by
MULLIGAN
McCORMICK
FAME

ELECTION DAY!

AND NOW HERE IS THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION FOR A PLACE ON THE BOARD OF INTERNATIONAL WASTE DISPOSAL INC....

SCARAB ILLUMINATI AND THE JOBFINDER GENERAL ALLIANCE...



EIGHTY-SIX MILLION AND TWO SACKFULS OF VOTES WE COULDN'T BE BOTHERED TO COUNT...

MICHAEL SWIFT... OFFICIAL WONDERFUL HUMAN BEING PARTY.



"NONE. NOTHING. NOT A SAUSAGE."

CONGRATULATIONS, SWIFT!
YOU'VE DONE IT!

LISTEN, SWIFT. LONG AGO WE DECIDED THAT THE BIGGEST PROBLEM WITH DEMOCRACY IS THAT YOUR AVERAGE VOTER IS AN ABOVE-AVERAGE IDIOT.

SO IN OUR SYSTEM,
WHOEVER GETS **LEAST**
VOTES WINS THE
ELECTION!

"YOU MUST BE
DOING SOMETHING
RIGHT, MICKY..."

NOT A SINGLE PERSON IN
THE ENTIRE COUNTRY
HAS ANY FAITH IN YOUR
ABILITIES!"



LEAVE OFF, SWEENEY. I'VE
BEEN HUMILIATED.



SO
WHAT'S
NEW?

WAVE
BEWARE THE
SNIDES OF MARCH